

TO
THE BLANKETTEERS.

ON THE UTILITY OF KNOWING
GRAMMAR.

North Hampstead, Long Island
25th August, 1818.

I have now, my friends, completed my little book, the main object of which is to assist in giving you the means of acquiring a competent knowledge of Grammar. Before I address, on this subject, my observations exclusively to you, I will insert, what I have, on the same subject, *addressed to the public in America.*

"A Grammar of the English
"Language, intended for the
"use of Schools and of young
"persons in general: but,
"more especially for the use
"of Soldiers, Sailors, Ap-
"prentices, and Plough-Boys.
"In a series of Letters. BY
"WILLIAM COBBETT."

TO THE PUBLIC.

North Hampstead, Long Island,
21st Aug. 1818.

This work, my intention to publish which I, some time ago, took the

liberty to mention to the public, is now printed, and will be ready for sale *on the first of October.* Besides those desires, which, on such occasions, are common to all authors, namely, that of acquiring fame and of receiving compensation for labour performed, I, on this occasion, am actuated by motives of a peculiar cast; and, as the subject of grammar is one, in which all, who really wish to see the human mind enlightened, must feel great interest: I hope to be indulged with a hearing, while I state the motives to this undertaking, and while I describe the manner of its execution.

The motives to the undertaking will best be stated in a plain narrative of the circumstances out of which they arose. In the winter of 1817 the people of England and Scotland had been roused to extraordinary activity in order to obtain a Reform of the Parliament. This object, though just and necessary, in the opinion of all, except those who profited by the corrupt practices of the parliament, was

not openly sought for by the rich and the timid. The public meetings, held for the purpose of discussing the subject, were in general attended by few persons not of the labouring classes. These classes, with that modesty, which always (except when the claims and character of England are the subject) marks the conduct of Englishmen, earnestly besought "their superiors" to take the lead; which these superiors almost invariably and most foolishly refused to do. Thus left to themselves, the operative manufacturers, the artizans and the labourers stood forward. They called meetings, proposed resolutions, grounded petitions on those resolutions, and forward they sent those petitions to the parliament.

It was soon seen that the cause had lost nothing by being shunned by "the superiors", whom the people had modestly, but in vain, called to their assistance. These persons, who knew England formerly, or only seven years back, can have no idea of what England now is with regard to the state of the people's minds, whether as to desires, views or knowledge. While the war lasted, that inborn principle, *that let what will be, England must be taken care of; let what will be, England must not be bowed down*: While

the war lasted, this principle, which is always alive in every English heart, hushed the voice of complaint. But, when the war was over; when the season for reflection arrived; when there was no possible danger from without; then men began to turn their eyes towards domestic abuses. The bad effects of the war were all now felt; its real objects were called over in review. The debt and paper-money, always heretofore matters of mystery and of unconcern with the labouring classes, now began to be, by these classes, clearly understood, not only as to their origin and progress, but as to their effects. The taxes, which these classes had regarded as things in which they had no concern, they were now able to trace down to their pots of beer, their shoes, and their salt, and visibly to see in the nakedness, and distinctly to hear in the cries, of their starving children.

The mind is never so delighted and so eager as when it makes a *discovery*. It pushes on through all obstacles till it arrives at truth. The people, having once got upon the true scent, never quitted it till their game lay prostrate before them. They now saw all the causes of their distress and misery. In their speeches, and more methodically in their resolutions and peti-

tions, precisely and extended Demos Fox and other There speech classes surpass tory, and men of classes one great and on by zeal checked which to man thought them with to ornament But, to put th was nee tions and in their ridiculou mar. A are found gives the to all per

tions, they traced effect to cause with precision and ability never surpassed, and very rarely equalled. The pretended "*learned*" men tell us about Demosthenes and Cicero, and about Fox and Pitt being like the one or the other of those two ancient orators. There were scores, nay, hundreds, of speeches made by the labouring classes in England, each of which surpassed in all the *essentials* of oratory, any thing ever uttered by these men of renowned talk. The labouring classes were full of information as to the one great object on which they dwelt: and on this subject they spoke, urged by zeal, warmed by feeling, and unchecked by rules and forms: reason, which is the common gift of God to man, gave arrangement to their thoughts, and all nature furnished them with figures of rhetoric wherewith to enforce their arguments and to ornament, or enliven, their discourse.

But, when these same persons came to *put their thoughts on paper*, which was necessary in the case of resolutions and petitions, there appeared, in their writings, many things very ridiculous for the want of good grammar. As to logic and rhetoric, they are found in men's *thoughts*; nature gives them, in a greater or less degree, to all persons who are not idiots; but

grammar, which is a thing proceeding from there having taken place among men a tacit convention that letters and words, used thus and thus, *shall mean* this and that, must be acquired by the learning of those principles and rules which form the basis and the terms of this tacit, or understood convention, or agreement: and, it was of this sort of learning that the labouring classes in England stood in need.

In January, 1817, I received a manuscript paper from Nottingham. It was a view of the causes of the nation's miseries and of the means to be adopted to put an end to them. The paper was of considerable length, and the matter gave great scope for the writer's talents. It was a fine piece of writing. I read it several times over. The ideas were correct; the judgment sound; the reasoning clear and conclusive; and the figures of speech apt, consistent, beautiful and striking. But, there was, throughout the whole, such a deficiency in point of *grammar*; such promiscuous mixture of capitals and small letters; such misuse of points of all sorts; such discord amongst nouns and pronouns and verbs; that, this piece of writing, which was the work of a journeyman stocking-weaver, and which would have done honour to

the mind and heart of any man living, "prevent you from learning Grammar?" He told me, that he had tried, but that he could make neither top nor tail of it.

The reading of this paper suggested to me the idea of recommending to persons of the description of this writer to study grammar; and particularly to give such recommendation to the young men amongst the labouring classes. While this matter was in my mind, a man from Lancashire came to London with a petition, and, as was generally the case with such persons, on such an errand, he called upon me. He shewed me a paper that he had drawn up with the intention of having it put into the newspapers. It was a statement relating to the miseries of the weavers and their families, at, and near, *Wigan*. A piece of excellent writing, with the exception of *Grammar*. I corrected it for him. He was surprised to see what errors he had committed, and expressed his determination never to attempt to write any thing again with a view of having it put into print. "Why not?" said I. "Grammar is the smallest consideration in cases of this kind. It is the fact and the argument, that are of importance, and the clearness and strength of your language. Besides, what is to

Talking upon this subject, soon afterwards, with a very acute and learned gentleman, we agreed, that it was very desirable, that young men especially should be put in a way to obtain a knowledge of grammar. This led us to enquire what were the existing means; and this inquiry led us to discover, that the grammar-books most in vogue were those of a Mr. *Lindley Murray*. I got the books; and, after a glance at them, no wonder appeared, that my *Wigan* friend could make neither top nor tail of grammar!

I, at once, resolved, that I would try my hand at making the matter, if not plain, a little plainer, at least, than it was then. Many years before, I had even made a beginning to do this for the use of my own children; but, they had opportunities of applying to a *talking* grammar; and, the thing gave way to politics. Now, however, when it came connected with politics; when it appeared, that, by the writing of a little book on grammar, I might possibly be able to create numerous formidable assailants of our insolent high-blooded oppressors, there was a motive sufficient to make me resolve

to resume my task and to finish it. Soon after this resolution was formed, I came to this country, and here I have found time to fulfil that resolution.

This was my principal motive. But, there was another motive, which had long existed; namely, that of stripping the Latin and Greek languages of that exclusive claim to the epithet "*learned*," which has been given to them in *England only*, and, by tame *imitation*, in America. I have always contended, and have now proved, that a knowledge of those languages is, generally speaking, of *no use*; and that, as the acquiring of that knowledge costs much time and money, it is, generally speaking, *worse than useless*. One way of combatting an opinion, or an argument, is, to *misrepresent* it. And this way has been taken in combatting my opinion as to the learning of the dead languages. Because I have said, that *generally speaking*, the learning of those languages is worse than useless, it has been said, that, I assert, that *in all cases whatever*, it is worse than useless. There may be *some few* cases in which it is useful; but of one thing I am certain, because I have demonstrated it, and that is, that even a thorough knowledge of those "*learned languages*" does not prevent men from writing *bad English*.

These were my motives to the undertaking. As to the manner of the execution, I have made such a disposition of the several parts of my treatise as is calculated to keep the main object sufficiently distinct, and at the same time, to present the subject as a whole to the mind of the reader. I have chosen the *epistolary* form, in order that my precepts should obtain as much attention as possible; and, I have addressed myself to one of my own sons, who is just at the age for learning grammar, in order that I might be continually reminded of the age and capacity of the persons for whose use I was writing, and, in order that the feelings of the father might co-operate with those of the author, in urging me to exert my best abilities in the execution of my undertaking.

Having always been of opinion, that to address to children the language and sentiments of children must tend to keep their minds in a childish state and to make them content with that state, I have assumed the seriousness and earnestness of manhood not only in my style, but in the objects which I have proposed to my son as inducements to the study: while I have endeavoured, throughout, to preserve that familiarity of manner, which softens the natural harshness of precept, and which, by a direct and

personal appeal to the reader, hardly ever fails to awake, or refresh, his attention.

I have approached the difficult part of my subject by slow and regular steps, always endeavouring, at every step, to give my pupil *something* that he can say he *understands* a little of, at least; and have, above all things, taken care not, in any case, to plunge him over head and ears into matter so perfectly incomprehensible to him as to make him droop in despair, or retire in disgust.

I have possessed the singular advantage of having, when young myself, learned grammar without the aid of any master, or any other person to apply to for explanation. The difficulties, the checks, and mortifications, which I experienced then, have now been my guides. I have remembered all the stumbling-blocks; and I have laboured most earnestly to remove them out of my pupil's way. I have remembered how I puzzled and fretted over the definitions of the *Parts of speech, and of the Cases*; and, if I have not succeeded in making these matters clear to ordinary minds, it is not, at any rate, for want of endeavouring to do it.

Bishop Lowth's was the grammar I learnt from: a meritorious work, but

wholly deficient in *definitions*; and, in a work of this sort, definitions are *principles*. Mr. Lindley Murray is a *compiler*, as indeed, he professes to be. *Rules* and *examples* may be compiled; but a compilation of *principles* must, if attempted, be like the language of the builders of the tower of Babel.

Mr. Murray has simply copied his definitions from Bishop Lowth, who, in defining a *verb*, says, "A verb is a word which *signifies to be, to do, or to suffer.*" That is all! I was seventeen years old when I first read this definition. I had a fair share of natural capacity; I was animated with a most ardent desire to learn: and yet, this definition so puzzled and so disgusted me, that I was on the point of abandoning my pursuit. What was I to gather; what was I to understand; what was I to *learn*, from an account so loose, so laconic, so vague as this? What was I to conclude from the mere naked statement of a proposition, the very terms of which were incomprehensible to me? I do not know how this definition may have stricken other young minds, but I really thought, that any word which was descriptive of *pain, or suffering* of any sort, was a *verb*, such as *tooth-ache, fever, ague, rheumatism, gout.* This was really and truly my opinion.

Indeed, what was I to think? However, I found, by reading on, that *to love*, was a *verb*; *To love* appeared to be a very pleasant thing, especially at the age of seventeen. But *rejected love*; that indeed was *painful*: and, therefore, I saw *clearly enough*, that *love*, whenever I met with it, *must be a verb*. But, getting on, into the list of irregular verbs, I found that *to eat* and *to drink* were verbs. I could not conceive how eating and drinking could be called *suffering*. Here I puzzled again, and, though my desire to learn was so anxious, I with difficulty mustered up courage to proceed. The want of definition as to the *Cases* of nouns and pronouns, and as to the *government* of Cases, produced a similar effect. I was not a boy, *sent* to school, or *set* to learn. I was a young man, a private soldier, animated with the double ambition of shining as a scholar and as a soldier, and who clearly saw that grammar was absolutely necessary to give me even a *chance* of being a man of any weight in the world. I was naturally industrious, persevering and sanguine; given to use, for the accomplishment of my ends, every means within my power, and to proceed, with a lively hope, in every undertaking, long after others would have broken off in despair. Yet, even with these

motives and with this character, I was, a hundred times, upon the point of committing the Bishop's book to the flames.

When I came to write a grammar myself, these things came fresh into my mind; and I have, I trust, removed these stumbling-blocks out of my pupils' way. There may be a deficiency in *illustration* without any great harm; but, a deficiency in principle renders all illustration, however good it may be, nearly useless. Rules and examples may be multiplied till the book be a folio; but, if the principle be not clear, they are of little avail. They may crowd the memory, but they cannot enlighten the mind: they, on the contrary, tend to darken the way of inquiry, and to obstruct the reasoning faculties. An example, an instance, and even a rule, may be wrong, and no great harm arise. These are merely pieces of timber, and bricks, misplaced in the superstructure; but, a want of clear definitions is a defect in the very foundation.

In the execution of my work I have availed myself of another advantage, not always possessed by those engaged in similar undertakings. The son, to whom I have addressed myself, has copied the manuscript for the press

and, when he has met with any thing, which did not appear clear to him, I have not explained the matter to him by word of mouth; but have *written the obscure part over again and again*, till I made it clear to him by words *on paper*. Because, that which presented a difficulty to him, would be likely to present a difficulty to others; and because it is my pen, and not my tongue, which I design to be the teacher of grammar.

Having shown what ought to be, I have, in most cases, shown what ought not to be, and I have done this by citing errors committed by really *learned men*; *Hume, Addison, Doctor Hugh Blair, Judge Blackstone, Doctor Johnson, and Doctor Watts*. I have resorted to these writers for the purpose of impressing upon the mind of my pupil the great necessity of care and caution in himself; and also for the purpose of preventing him from ever believing that great *names* ought to check him in the exercise of his reason. In one place, being particularly desirous to secure his attention, I have quoted a sentence, in which Mr. Addison says (and in delivering a moral precept too) precisely the contrary of what he *meant*; and I have shown, that Doctor Blair points out this very sentence to the bearers of his lectures

in the university, as a sentence, not only *perfectly faultless*, but worthy of imitation on account of its beauty and *clearness*!

Having gone through my principles and instructions, I lay before my son *specimens of bad grammar* from the RAMBLER of Doctor Johnson and from the LOGIC of Doctor Watts. These refresh his memory, make him look back to what he has learnt, make him recall his principles and rules, and tend to fortify his confidence and to encourage him in his endeavours to attain perfection.

The specimens of bad grammar are followed by the exposure of the bad grammar and nonsense of a *King's speech*. In placing according to their degree the weighty matters of this world, those which are treated of in a king's speech, may be well supposed to cap the climax. If we find bad grammar and nonsense here, how careful ought we to be in the use of our own pens! And, if we, in a document of this sort, find bad grammar, or nonsense, or both, in *every sentence* (as is the case in this instance,) how careful ought we to be, for the honour of human intellect, not to regard high rank and great talent as inseparable associates!

I have concluded my little book

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with a few hints (mere hints) as to the *adding of sentence to sentence*; as to the breaking of a writing into paragraphs, and as to *figurative language*.

Now though I am quite convinced, that I have made a book, by which any person, of any age, and of common capacity, may, with industry, learn grammar in the space of six months, or in the usual *waste time* of a year, I am not so ignorant of the effects of prejudice and of habit as to expect, that my little book will supplant the bulky compilations, the "Keys" and the magazines, of Mr.

Lindley Murray, which, besides the great variety of charming puzzle-wits that each intrinsically possesses, are tacked on to each other like riders to bills of supply. "*Possession*" is said to be "*nine points out of ten of the law*."

Mr. Murray's books are in possession of the vogue; and, which is a great deal more, the booksellers (especially in England) are in possession of Murray's books! If these books were to lose the vogue, what loads of paper and print and sheep-leather would become useless! It is, however, worth the while of any man, young or old, who wishes to be able to write correctly, and who feels his deficiency in that respect, or, of any other, who, though he understand

nothing of grammar himself, wishes his sons to learn grammar: it is worth the while of any such person just to read, right on, fifty pages into my little book, and fifty pages into Mr. Murray's grammar. If such person understand *something* from the one, and *nothing* from the other, he may be quite sure, that the book that he understands the *something* from is the best.

Mr. Murray, at the end of his Grammar, has inserted, in imitation of the venders of nostrums, about twenty *certificates* of the excellence of his work. These are taken from *English Reviews and Magazines*. About one half of these publications are upheld by the Government, who *pays* the writers, gives them pensions or little places, and provides for their wives and children. The other half are the property of the great booksellers. The former praise Mr. Murray's books, because they inculcate passive obedience, and softly promote the cause of corruption. The latter praise them in the way of *trade*. Doctor Johnson says, that in his time, *Reviewers* were to be bought with "*Claret and a supper*:" by the time of Peter Pindar they were come down to "*buckets of broth and lumps of bullock's liver*." They are now

like him, the *French language*; and, when I have fulfilled this promise, I shall, I think, have done my part towards the instruction of youth. It is hardly fair in us, who, from whatever cause, happen to possess the advantage of understanding grammar, not to do some little matter, at least, in order to bring up to our own level in this respect, some of those hundreds of thousands who are our equals, or superiors, in respect of natural talent. To my mind no emotions are more pleasing than those which are awakened by the recollection of my coarse red coat and my little blue smock-frock; and, I now derive great satisfaction from the hope, that, by these my exertions, many a private soldier, and many a plough-boy, will be enabled to shine amongst those who are destined to root out from the minds of men the base and blasphemous notions, that wisdom and talent are confined to what is called high-birth, and that the few possess a right divine to rule, oppress and plunder the many.

WM. COBBETT.

And now, my English friends of the *indemnified orders*, let me address a few words exclusively to you.

I have often enough spoken to you

on the pretended *plans of education*, which the boroughmongers and their tools, aided and abetted by the crafty priests, have long been putting forward. But, I see, that, *now* the indemnified Houses have taken the matter up in *regular form*, and have set a Committee of their wise men to make a report "on the education of the *Lower Orders*." If there be *lower orders*, there must be *higher Orders*, or, at least, a *higher order*. And, *who is it* that belongs to these orders, or this order, I wonder? And, how many are there of lower Orders? Where do they begin? At Baronets, or Esquires? Or at farmers or Merchants?

If these indemnified gentry were in earnest about education, they would begin by *causing themselves to be educated*; for, as you will see in my Grammar, the very elect of them are unable, even in so short a piece as a king's speech, to write a single sentence correctly; and, as to the heaps of nonsense, which they put together in the shape of Proclamations, Orders in Council, Reports, and State Papers, they are without a parallel in the records of human ignorance. Neither of the present Secretaries of State is able to write six sentences without error as to grammar. I once amused

myself in dissecting a dispatch of Castlereagh. It was short; but it contained fifty seven errors in point of grammar; twenty one instances in which the words said what the writer did not mean; and seven wherein the words said the *contrary* of what he meant.

This is the character of all their writings: they do not write any thing correctly; and, with the exception of Canning and the late Speaker of the House of Commons, I never have seen what led me to suppose, that any one of them was able to write any thing correctly. And observe, that these two men are of the "*Lower Orders*." The speaker has risen from a very obscure stock; and, as to Canning, if not purely of equivocal generation, he, at the highest, mounts only to the *ventre* of a play-Actress.

This, then, is a pretty crew to talk and to make reports and to pass laws about educating the "*lower Orders*!" The truth is, however, that they mean to do, and wish to do, precisely the contrary. They are, and long have been, endeavouring *to prevent the mass of the people from acquiring useful knowledge*. What regard, what affection, they have for the people is clearly seen in their dungeon-

bill, in their gagging bills, in their soldier-speaking felony bill, in their parish-vestry bill, in their Corn Bill, in their *Indemnity-Bill*; and indeed, in the whole of their measures, which are a tissue of contrivances to keep down, oppress, and brutify the Nation. Can they, who have violated every form of law in order to narrow the circulation of printed books, not written by persons in their pay; can they who have made it death to talk freely with a Soldier; can they, who employ spies to watch men's conversation; can they, who have made free discussion impossible; can such men *wish to see the bounds of knowledge extended?*

What, then, do they wish? They wish to make cheap, the business of *learning to read*, if that business be performed in their schools; and thus to inveigle the children of poor men into those schools; and there to teach these children, along with reading, all those notions which are *calculated to make them content in a state of slavery*: to teach them "to order themselves *lowly and reverently* to all their *bettors*;" that is to say the rich and the powerful; to teach them "to *honour and obey the king and all that are put in authority under him*," not

excepting, of course, Sidmouth, Cross, Oliver, Parsons Powis and Guillim or Colonel Fletcher; to teach them, that wretchedness is the lot of their parents, whom it has "*pleased God to call* to that state of life," and that to repine at which, or endeavour to change it, is sinful; to teach them, that God has ordained, that the Boroughmongers and the parsons shall rule over them, and live in luxury, while those, whose earnings furnish the means of this luxury, are starving; to teach them that they never ought to think about government, laws, or taxes, or any of the affairs of this world, but ought to be solely intent about happiness in the next, which happiness they can have no chance of obtaining, unless they, without a single murmur, put up with oppression, robbery and insult in this world.

This is the wish of the Boroughmongers and their dependents, amongst which latter are the parsons; and these are the notions, which they think to be able to make children imbibe along with the knowledge of reading. These are the poisons, which they intend to make the children of England swallow in the gilded pill called educa-

tion. And, it would seem, that they even intend to tax the labour of the parents in order to get the means of administering this pill! It would seem that the government, that is to say, the Borough tyrants, are to select and appoint the *schoolmasters*, to pay for the school-houses, and to *furnish the books!* What volumes of "*tracts*" we shall have! In what sweet notes we shall have sung to us the endless blessings of passive obedience, non-resistance, ragged backs, frozen-joints, parching lips, and hungry bellies! How seriously it will be told us, by some smooth-tongued female hack, that, *as God has ordained*, that the noisy and lazy and gormandising Cuckoo shall suck the eggs of the hedge-sparrow, lay its own eggs in the nest, and make the poor hedge-sparrow hatch and feed the young, *so he has ordained* that we are to let our children starve to death, while we contentedly labour for pensioned masters and pensioned misses, the progeny, legitimate or spurious, of the Boroughmongers! And, as a case in point, we may perhaps, be reminded, that the *high-blooded* late Duke of Beaufort left, in his will, "*in the name of God, Amen,*" that his eldest son

should maintain the younger sons, out of the produce of his estate, *until the former should be able to obtain for the latter a maintenance out of the public money, and no longer.*

1.

Come, little children, list' to me,
While I describe your duty,
And kindly lead your eyes to see
Of lowliness the beauty.

2.

'Tis true your bony backs are bare,
Your lips too dry for spittle;
Your eyes as dead as whiting's are,
Your bellies growl for vict'al.

3.

But, dearest children, O, believe!
Believe not treach'rous senses!
'Tis they your infants hearts deceive,
And lead into offences.

4.

When frost assails your joints, by day,
And lice, by night, torment ye,
'Tis to remind you oft' to pray,
And of your sins repent ye.

5.

At parching lips when you repine,
And when your belly hungers,
You covet what, by right divine,
Belongs to Boroughmongers.

6.

Let dungeons, gags, and hangman's noose,
Make you content and humble.
Your heav'nly crown you'll surely lose,
If here, on earth, you grumble.

This trash is no more than a not very unfair sample of the base and blasphemous stuff, that the hirelings of the Boroughmongers prepare for the schools. It contains the *substance* of all their verse and of all their prose: and, to make it their own, it lacks only a suitable proportion of stupidity. I really should not be much surprised, if the hirelings were to take this very trash of mine, and put it into one of their "*tracts*," which they have the audacity and infamy to call "*religious*." The above trash does not suit, that I know of, any of their *tunes*: and therefore, I will add another trash, which a friend, at my elbow (they will say it is Satan) wishes to be added; as he thinks they will make the children sing it to a tune which he says is called *the Magdalen tune*.

1.

Come, little children, lend an ear,
To what you ought to hope and fear;
For, if misplac'd, your fears and hopes
To dungeons lead, and e'en to ropes.

2.

To hope for bread, to hope for beer,
To hope for ought your hearts to cheer;
To hope for clothes your backs to hide,
Or screen your front or hinder side:

3

To hope for these, in any way,
Is hoping less of tax to pay;
And hoping this in acts or words,
High treason is 'gainst Borough-lords.

4.

Hope not for safety nor for peace;
Hope not for tyranny to cease.
For justice nor for mercy hope;
For far are you beneath their scope.

5.

Let Cobbett, whose whole Life's a storm,
The Devil tempt to hope reform,
Till overt acts so foul shall place
His soul beyond the pale of grace.

6.

Hope, therefore, you, my children dear,
Such horrid hopes to view with fear;
And when you fall by rope or gun,
Say "Boroughmongers' will be done."

However, my friends, you are not
to be deceived by any such trash.
You, I hope, detest such a mockery of

religion. You can, and do, see the
design of the tyrants to the bottom.
You will, I hope, see the great impor-
tance of studying grammar, the good
effects of which study you will soon
feel. I please myself with the thought,
that I shall set a score or two of
young men in every considerable
town in England, on upon this study;
and many scores of soldiers, sailors
and plough-boys. No man is too old
to learn. Industry and a good will
are all that are wanted. You cannot
do any thing more annoying to our
tyrants than to qualify yourselves for
writing correctly; because that will
make you formidable to them. Cheer-
ed by the hope, that I shall soon see,
in a display of the talents of many of
you, the effects of this little book,
my favourite performance,

I remain,

Your faithful friend,

WM. COBBETT.

Mr. COBBETT having now finished the composition of his *Grammar*, which has occupied a considerable share of his time during the last twelve months, there is reason to hope that the *Register*, which was interrupted for two months in the Summer, and during the *last five weeks*, will in future experience but little intermission.

The Publisher's absence from London in September and October having prevented him from superintending the *printing* of the three Numbers last published, he has to perform the unpleasant, but *unusual*, task of subjoining a *list of typographical errors*, of which he greatly laments the occurrence.

- No. 6. Column 163, line 25. Instead of *far*, read *for*.
 Same column, line 31. Instead of *truth*, read *teeth*.
 Column 172, line 32. Instead of *more*, read *arose*.
- No. 7. Column 191, bottom line. Instead of *time*, read *tone*.
 Column 195, line 6 from the bottom. Instead of *prevent*, read *present*.
 Column 205, line 20 from the bottom. After the word *half*, insert the words *as hath*.
 Column 206 (erroneously printed 106) l. 32. Instead of *reputable*, read *respectable*.
 Column 208, line 17. After *twelve*, insert *years*.
 Column 209, bottom line. Instead of *fellow*, read *father*.
 Column 210 (erroneously printed 221) line 10 from the bottom. Instead of *honest*, read *kindest*.
 Column 212, line 32. Instead of *their*, read *these*.
 Column 213, line 15 from the bottom. After *humbug*, insert *of the*.
 Column 214, line 9. Instead of *nearly*, read *clearly*.
 Column 215, line 15. Instead of *county*, read *country*.
 Column 216 (erroneously printed 116) line 4 from the bottom. Instead of *Banker's*, read *Bankes's*.
- No. 8. Column 221, line 3 from the bottom. The words *of hundreds* are erroneously repeated.
 Column 225, line 4 from the bottom. After *of*, insert *money as*.
 Column 229, line 17. Instead of *the*, read *there*.
 Column 234, line 2. After the word *enslave*, leave out the two words *those for*.
 Same Column, line 4. Instead of *having*, read *hiring*.
 Column 237, line 12 from the bottom. Instead of *these*, read *there*.
 Column 244, line 16. Instead of *portions*, read *potions*.
 Column 246, line 13 from the bottom. Instead of *puffing*, read *putting*.
 Column 247, line 10 from the bottom. Instead of *revenue*, read *reserve*.
 Column 248, line 14. Instead of *binds*, read *blinds*.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

Printed by W. MOLINEUX, 5, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, for W. JACKSON, 34, Wardour Street, Soho.